

The Seminary Bell

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For the Seminary Bell.

A VOICE FROM "AUNT JEMIMA."

"Women have no souls," says the prophet Mahommed, and modern divines have forever put to rest questions which had puzzled the knowing ones from time immemorial.

The way in which they have done this, is by their lucid interpretation of that passage of scripture; "There was silence in Heaven for about the space of half an hour!"

Now can it be for a moment supposed that, if women were admitted within the gates of the celestial Paradise, anything like *silence* could prevail?—Why the idea is preposterous! It would be hard, indeed, if these lords of creation, must be compelled to listen to our senseless prattle here on earth, and find no refuge from it hereafter.

O, with what a longing, with what delightful anticipations, must they look forward to that blessed Heaven of the Moslem's dream, where the sound of woman's tongue shall be no discordant note to jar the general harmony!

Some women quarrel with this idea of prophets, of patriarchs and sages. They contend that they really have minds, susceptible of improvement, placed upon earth but to commence a state of progress which may continue to all eternity.

In their arguments on the subject, they will inquire: "If we are really beings of so inferior an order, why did the Savior when on earth make us his chosen companions? Why were we the first to know of his resurrection?" The answer is obvious. Our sex being so much given to gossip and news-telling, could be very servicable in heralding his approach as he journeyed from place to place; and as to their being first to know of his resurrection, why to use the words of the Scotch parson: "It was only that the blessed news might be spread the quicker."

Again, they will inquire: "If we are deficient in intellect, why do we under favoring circumstances become proficient in the sciences? Why does woman, as she has so often done, stand forth an ornament to her country's literature?"

Why do not the Scriptures say, that God had often chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wisdom of the wise, and the weak to

confound the mighty? and is not this a sufficient answer?

And still further they will ask: "Why has woman's voice so often called back the erring one to the path of duty, when but for her counsels and admonitions he might have gone on in the downward path, until it at last ended in his ruin?" Why, you dear souls! have you never read that the *cackling of a goose once saved Rome*?

But I will spend no more time or paper in the refutation of arguments such as these. They are just like us all, *weak and womanish*.

It is the easiest thing in the world for these lords of creation to make our sex the objects of their sickening flattery and fulsome adulation,—*words cost nothing*,—and they very well know, that the only way to gain the good will of us silly beings, is, by exciting our vanity.

Poets may sing, and romancers may prate, of woman, as being "Heaven's last best gift to man," "Creations glory," without whose presence

"The world would be without a sun
This life a waste, and man undone."

but they don't think so—such dainty expressions serve to round a period, but when you read the poets and romancers, set down three-fourths of what they say as mere hyperbole; the remainder *may* be common sense. When the fit is on them, they say things at which, in their sober reason, they themselves would laugh.

Sentimental and romantic Youth! who hast made such productions as these thy chief study, from my heart I pity thee; for thou hast formed in thy mind an ideal which can never be realized; thou hast made for thyself an idol, but thou wilt find it *clay*. From the lofty heights of romance, come down to plain simple reality—and a sad descent it will be. Thou hast perhaps seen a form as graceful, and a face as fair as thy "poet's dream,"—had these been the tenement of a soul as beautiful, their fair possessor might have been worthy of thine admiration—ay, and even of thy love.

Does the marble, when, beneath the sculptor's magic touch, it grows into a form of exceeding beauty, possess a soul? Beneath that polished and snowy brow, does there throb a brain? Be not deceived unsophisticated youth!—Turn from the bewitching smiles and dulcet tones of beauty as from the wiles of a syren.

Our position in the scale of humanity being such, how strange it is that man, proud, lofty man, can stoop from the high position he occupies, and condescend to take such an interest in our

welfare! But it is even so. He lectures us from the bar, from the pulpit, and from the political arena; he writes dissertations for our benefit, and we can scarcely open a newspaper now-a-days without finding a column particularly devoted to the ladies. In this there is generally some nonby-pamby love story, some milk-and-water poetry, or, oftener still, a few paragraphs of sage advice and admonition in regard to things which come within our peculiar sphere.

If single, we are enlightened as to the most approved method of managing, to gain that *Summum bonum* of all earthly possessions, a *husband*. To the attainment of which very desirable article, every young lady is supposed, after she arrives in her teens, to be bending all her energies. This is, indeed, and should be the *ne plus ultra* of all her earthly aspirations, "her morning sacrifice, and her evening prayer."

If married, we are favored with lengthy dissertation upon the most approved methods of making pies and puddings, tending cross babies and pleasing our husbands. We are exhorted to imitate the meekness of Moses, and the patience of Job, *to be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves*. No matter how cross the baby is, how badly our head aches, or how worthless our help, if the dear creature comes home at night, cross, snappish, or even *drunk*, we are to have everything in the most perfect order; a good warm supper must be ready for him—and we must receive him with our sweetest smiles. But it is useless, my dear lady readers, that I should lay before you a list of your duties, for they have been so often written that "she who runs may read." A few words on this subject and I close. Bear in mind that man was created first. To him was given the dominion of all things on the earth, and at last *woman* was formed, a humble satellite to him. Think of the condescension: one of the exalted beings has shown, or is intending to show in choosing *you* to accompany him down the rugged descent of human life. To smooth the asperities of this *you* may do much. Copy after the example of Sarah the wife of Abraham, and all those holy women of old, who called their husbands "Lord," and were ever ready to do their bidding.

Smooth your "leige lord and master's" linen and his cares. As you darn his stocking, so cover with a woof of charity and love, all defects in his character. Tend his babies, cook his dinners, minister in all ways to his temporal necessities, thinking it reward

enough for you, if he sometimes gives you an approving smile. But on the other hand, if all your efforts to win his approbation are unavailing, wrap yourself still more closely in the mantle of patience and humility. If he chide you, answer him not again; if he smite you on one cheek, "turn to him the other also."

You shouldn't read much, but whenever you see in the newspapers an article headed, "Warning to Wives," "Advice to Young Ladies," "The Sphere of Woman," study it with your whole soul, or rather I should say, give it all the attention your limited powers will allow.

Be content to remain in your own sphere. Any attempt on your part to rival man, would belike the humble star in the firmament, trying to rival the sun in his meridian splendor. Throw the science to the winds. Instead of learning any of the "Alogies" or "Ologies" of the day, master the far more useful science of cookery, and house-keeping in general. Should you ever have a desire to acquaint yourselves with the foreign languages, just bear in mind the words of glorious old Milton, "*One tongue is enough for a woman*."

We are living, you are aware, in a very *fast age*, and amid the improvements which have been going on in the moral and material world, woman has begun to think that she too may be elevated, to put on airs and imagine herself the equal of man.

'Twasn't so when I was young. Then women didn't go off to these "Women's Rights Conventions," and set up that they had the right to vote and sing bass. They didn't go to these female colleges and seminaries either, and get so many new-tangled notions into their heads, that they were never good for anything afterwards. Oh, no!

(A word in your ears my dear "Young Ladies.") Do you suppose that, if I had been of this character, my poor, dear husband, who now, alas! is dead and gone, would have taken a fancy to me, and I should have borne off the best match in town from so many tearful rivals? For 'Squire Jones, my late husband, was a great man in his day, a justice of the peace, member of the State Legislature, and had even been talked of for Congress. He was a man, too, of deep learning, and great powers of mind. Sometimes of an evening as I sat quietly in my usual place in the chimney corner knitting or darning stockings, he'd take down some great volume from the book case, where I was never allowed to go, and read something for my 'special' edification.

I remember the glance of pleasure he would cast upon me, and my employment, as he read that passage of Shakespeare, "What I do most admire in woman," &c., or one from Knowls, commencing,

"Women set their parts [them.] When they do make their ordered households know There was was one line of Virgil a great favorite of his,

"*Femina varia et,*" which he said meant, "More fickle than the winged winds is woman."

Then to close the evening, he would read from the sacred volume, O, so beautifully! some such texts as these: "Wives be in subjection to your own husbands," "The head of the woman is the man," "Whose adorning," &c., &c.

O, those were precious seasons! and haven't I reason to be thankful that, for forty long years, I was favored with such companionship, and that during all that period I implicitly followed the advice of the inspired apostle? It is but due to my dear Ichabod to say, that the ideas I am now giving to the world were all derived from him. But pardon this digression.

And now, O, Man! grand, noble, sublime being that thou art! justly styling thyself "Lord of the creation," may I be permitted, in all due deference and humility, to say a word to you? I know that often in the bitterness of your hearts you lament, that Providence had not given you in woman, a help more meet for you.—But remember that this is a state of trial; that in this world we come from the furnace of affliction, thrice purified.

Think of good old Socrates, whose noble spirit was better fitted to buffet with the storms of the world without, from the very frequent storms it was his lot to encounter *within doors*, got up for his special benefit, by his incorrigible spouse, Xantippe.

Remember that the words of Milton, I have quoted above, were the result of his own sad experience, wrung from him, we may well suppose, when writing under a castigation inflicted by that worse than whip of scorpions, a woman's tongue.

Think of the great Apostle to the Gentile, who was troubled with a "thorn in the flesh," in the shape of a scolding wife,—ay, think of all these and arm your souls with patience!

And, in conclusion, let me whisper in your ear, that some consideration is due to us, the weaker sex—"But little should be required from those to whom little is given." Therefore, make due allowance for all our faults; throw the mantle of charity over our errors; and thank Heaven that it has endowed you with that priceless gift, A SOUL.

ALPHA.

The President's Message was read on Tuesday, the 27th of last month, and treats upon the following subjects: "The Harper's Ferry Raid," "Slavery in the Territories," "the Slave Trade," "The San Juan Affair," "British Acts and Representations," "The State of Mexico, and the necessary remedy," "Mr. Ward at Pekin," "The Pacific Railroad," "Revenue and Expenditure," "Reports of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior, the Post-Master General," "Congress," "Insurrection in Missouri," "Return of the Yacht, 'Wanderer.'"

ORATION.—HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Delivered at the Exhibition of the Neosophic Society, December 20th, 1859.

BY MISS J. COCHRAN.

Always and everywhere among men, it has been customary to honor those who were deemed worthy of honor.

Honor is rendered in different ways among different nations. Some of the more barbarous nations inter the favorite implements of the deceased with their bodies.

Polytheistic nations apotheosize their great men, paying them divine honors.

Among enlightened nations, monuments are erected to the memory of the great; their birthday is celebrated, or, the anniversary of their death, is observed as a day of mourning.

It is right to honor the truly great; for thus, men declare their attachment to principle, encourage its maintenance, and instil a love for it in the minds of the young.

Who are the great on whom honor should be conferred? Examining the annals of war, can we find any truly great men among the thousands who have achieved brilliant victories on the battle-field? Yes, a few, but only a few, and our beloved Washington was one of that illustrious band.

Was Alexander great? Yes, in bloodshed, in ambition, which was his god, at whose shrine, he bowed with unfeigned devotion. He conquered the world, but did not conquer himself; to have done the latter, would have been his greatest victory. But, if history be true, this so-called great man was an abject slave to appetite, in the gratification of which, he sacrificed his life.

Napoleon Bonaparte is by many called great; but in what did his greatness consist? In bathing all Europe in blood? Did he leave a free and happy people as the result of all his bloodshed? No. Did he advance the temporal and eternal happiness of his fellow-beings? Did he influence men to walk in the path of honesty and virtue? Perhaps he did, to some extent, improve the physical condition of his own subjects, but he did not accomplish the latter. He did not live for such purposes, but lived for self, and most faithfully did he serve self.

Yet he, for gratifying the desire which is called base in common men, is honored as a great man.

Thus men, who, by precept teach the young to deny themselves and to do to others as they would be done by; teach them by example to seek honor by blood and carnage.

In the province of literature, many are called great who are not worthy of such a title.

Infidel writers, who did all in their power to lead others off, to stumble into the pitfalls of unbelief and sin, to show their contempt for everything sacred; who spent their lives in fighting against the God of Heaven; are honored by those who ought to know better. None can tell, how much sin and misery, such writers have caused.—

Many, who might have been ornaments to society, blessings to themselves and the world, and consequently happy, have been decoyed from the path of duty and peace, by their writing.—Many, whose hearts might have joyfully rested in the promises of God, have spent a life of sorrowful wanderings in

the mazes of doubt, and finally terminated it by taking a "leap in the dark." They were ruined by the writings of those men who are called great.

Poets, who lived abandoned lives, indulged in the most degrading practices, and never did anything to bless the world except as they occasionally, in their poems, gave utterance to noble thoughts which took root in other hearts and perhaps bore fruit,—for one cannot avoid doing a little good with all the evil—are honored with the title of great; their birthday is celebrated with pomp, and one would think, hearing the eulogies on such occasions, that they were perfect. Their sins are scarcely ever spoken of, and if at all, only as foibles of human nature.

The poor unfortunate were constitutionally unhappy, and, in fact, were not responsible for all their wrong doings, sensitive plants, that could only stand erect in sunlight of prosperity, but withered at the first touch of temptation's blast.

The admirers of such men, in their desire to honor intellect, in reality, sanction the commission of crime in one class of persons, while they would condemn it in another; thus unequally poisoning the scales of justice; and the superiority of the intellect of one over that of the other, reconciles the inconsistency. Out upon such policy! Shame upon such practice! Does not superiority of intellect incur proportional responsibility? Does not the man sin more grievously, who does so against superior light and knowledge, than he who sins ignorantly? Certainly, how can it be otherwise? Instead of palliating crime when accompanied by brilliant intellect, men should the more sternly condemn it.

The young are already too prone, in their attempt to cultivate the mental, to neglect the moral faculties; already too prone to bring everything into subservience to intellect, without being encouraged by the example of those who are older and more experienced than they.

Goodness is an indispensable element of true greatness, and intellect without it, is a curse, rather than a blessing to the world; for it wields a mighty power, and, if unaccompanied by goodness, it must be an instrument of evil.

Let honor be rendered to those who have devoted their intellect to the good of their race, to the improvement of the physical, mental, and moral condition of the human family. Then will honor be rendered in a good cause, conferred on a worthy object, and the effect will be good. Since it is natural for human beings to desire honor one of another, let them understand that to be honored, they must be good as well as talented and educated; and they will, at once, have a strong incentive to a life of virtue.

None are so worthy of honor from men, as those whom God honors; and He has declared that He will honor them who honor Him.

It is reported that the Emperor of Austria intends to abdicate in favor of his son, a child of a little over a year old, and appoint his brother, the Arch Duke Maximilian, as Regent.—The reason assigned for this step is, that the Emperor sees that his Empire is going to ruin, and he dislikes to figure in history as the last of the Hapsburgs.

For the Seminary Bell.

ESSAY—LIFE'S MISSION.

Read before the Students Re-Union, December 23d, 1859.

BY MISS S. J. RANSOM.

We are placed here upon this vast universe surrounded by everything that can contribute to our happiness. From the period of infancy until now, we have been the recipients of unnumbered blessings from the bounteous hand of an All Wise Providence. Wherever we turn our eyes we witness almost innumerable evidences of His divine wisdom and benevolence. Everything we behold, from the bright winged insect that dances in the glorious sunshine, the tiny flower that expands its delicate petal to the mild, refreshing breath of morning, the little stream that issues from its fountain head and winds its serpentine course through hill and valley, to the great "King of Day" lifting the curtain of night from the sleeping earth; the silver moon surrounded by her sister stars—those hosts of shining worlds revolving in solemn grandeur through the spacious vaults of Heaven. All these conspire to tell us in angelic tones, as they steadily and unceasingly move on in their wonted round of duty, that their mission is to aid us in the accomplishment of our great life purpose. If we turn our attention to the different kingdoms of animal, vegetable and mineral, we cannot fail to notice the many objects therein placed whose sole functions are to assist erring humanity in rightly answering the design of his being. More than this, how marvelously has he imbedded in the smallest fragment of the finite a great immortal mind. Its faculties, noble and sublime, are ours to strengthen and develop.—Our's is the glorious privilege to penetrate the mysterious labyrinths of science, and bring forth golden gems of intellect and wisdom.

Let us ask ourselves the question which in the present day of fashion and display, is but seldomly permitted to enter the minds of our young friends. Why were we thus created and placed upon this great stage of action? Is it not apparent to us all that it was for no other object than to convince us of our great life mission, to show to us that we were designed for a noble purpose, and if we fail in its accomplishment we alone are responsible. Alas! how many there are who instead of seeking to fulfil a high and holy destiny, float along upon the current of time like empty bubbles, seeming to have no higher or more soul-elevating object in view than to consecrate mind, heart and soul to the altar of fashion, dress and personal appearance.

To dress in the most exquisite and fashionable attire, they willingly lend every effort of mind. Poor, foolish creatures! Do they not know that the unsightly worm that crawls along our path, is living to a better purpose and showing even more gratitude to its Divine Author than they are!

My young friends, shall we quietly fold our arms and say there is nothing for us to do! Me thinks I hear you answer no! life has high and noble purposes, many of which we may be proud to accomplish. Its fiery struggles and battles lie before us. Upon our own efforts hangs a future of bliss or woe. Let us think and act for ourselves even though may deviate from the same old time worn path, and look for new altars upon which to consecrate our offerings. The present we have for action. The past is in oblivion, the future in eternity. Let us grasp the mighty conception of the present and prepare for lives of usefulness. Contemplate for a moment the glorious constellation which pervades the mental world called the star of intellect. Bright, beautiful, beaming star, how lovely are the rays it sends forth! It gives a silvery lining to the every passing cloud and with its genial influence transforms the son of the Plebeian into the noble and great man, and the lowest in the vales of poverty are exalted to positions of honor and usefulness. The broad and boundless fields of thought are explored and the mind loves to cull from every recess and dark receptacle germs with which to beautify and adorn her saved temple. As we think in youth, so shall we act in old age. Then let youth be spent in enshrining our hearts in those lasting virtues which will enable the even'g of life to be replete with the sweet reflection that we have at least tried to live to a good purpose.

There are vast fields to cultivate. Golden harvests to be reaped. There are broad plains whose soil is yet deep and virgin, upon which we may win laurels fit to deck an angels brow.

For the Seminary Bell.
ORATION—UNION.

Delivered at the Exhibition of the Neosophic Society, December 20th, 1859.

BY MISS M. SIMMONS.

What harmony, what joy, and what power is confined in the simple word, Union. When we hear it echoed from the lips of a friend, before the last sound has vibrated on our ears, we feel our pulses thrill with emotions and our hearts, too, beat as one. No distrust, no envy and no hatred can exist where its precepts are obeyed. But on the contrary all is love, all is peace, and all is tranquility. We see this visibly portrayed in the annals of the past; yes, if we should turn to any period of time that we wish, whose history is not wholly shaded with the veil of obscurity, we will find its records still standing as a living monument of union or disunion. The history of Rome is a most beautiful and striking example. In the days of her prosperity, nothing but peace and harmony reigned within her borders. The sun rose and the multitudes greeted it with one voice. It set and turned to their respective homes with one heart. She was cherished by her friends, but dreaded by her enemy's. And why so? Because they regarded her many provinces as one province; yes many millions as one; and her many interests as one interest. Indeed they thought of her as one great and inseparable whole, while they knew that union was her motto. But when malice and discord invaded her midst, how changed were her actions. Every one had an interest of his own, and their many interests come in conflict. The great folded their arms and cried self, instead of union. But in so doing, did they not leave their homes to become almost a ruinous desert? Did they not isolate themselves from their friends and from the world? Did they not sink into the great abyss of death and oblivion as well as the more ignorant and stupid? Tell me, why was this discord? I answer because their labor had lost their unity of action, and each suffered himself to be dazzled by his own imaginary greatness.

Even the laws of nature themselves whispers union. We hear it lisped from the different parts of the simple structure up to the most complicated. The small particles of water as they are swept swiftly forward to join their forces with the mighty Atlantic, seem to repeat it in their murmuring sound. In truth, perfect unison seems to exist in every law which governs our earth. One nation rises to investigate the law and search into the hidden mysteries of a concealed nature. They live in unison with those that live, and with the laws that exist, aiming to perfect the great law which is, as science increases intellect, must expand. After they have carved the way and opened the road for the infantile feet of the coming generations, then almost unconsciously and imperceptibly to themselves, they pass off without a struggle, and ere we are aware, the great mantle of death has swept a nation from the earth.

Thus following the universal order that one must make way for the other, what is the unity of the law that governs a nation when compared with that which governs a world? and above all, that which controls the action of ten thousand worlds, the thought is too great for comprehension. We are struck with admiration, when we view with what unity two or more items unite to form one whole. But when we behold mighty worlds rejoicing in perfect union—neither losing nor gaining through time immemorial, we are led to exclaim what a union of laws. They are as it were, atoms in emensity uniting to make one perfect universe.

Thus we see, that the least of God's works are as much needed to perfect his unity of designs, as the greatest, for the

great universe requires the half of the smallest atoms, and the least of atoms requires the half of the mighty world.—And what a lesson is this to man, who is said to be the noblest of God's works; for his laws shall be in union with those of his Creator.

And why should they not be as long as the least atoms in nature cries in language unspeakable, be in union with each "other; be in union with God."

For the Seminary Bell.
HOME.

How many pleasant associations and recollections that single word "home," recalls. To one, perchance, it may bring vividly before the mind's eye some dearly loved spot where the heart's best affections are centered, and where every thing is in perfect harmony. To another, it, perhaps, recalls all the croud, bustle, hurry, and turmoil, that characterizes a city life; and, as you walk through the streets, you cannot help thinking, as you look upon the many houses that line the walk, is *this* home to some one? It most assuredly is, and as dearly prized by them as your own dearly loved home. Pause with me, if you please, before one of the many houses that fill our cities. It is evening. The curtains are not yet drawn, so that we can have the privilege of looking in upon the occupants of the room. There are all of the family assembled for a pleasant evening's recreation. How happy and contented they all seem to be in each other's love; and well may they so dearly prize it, for who can tell how soon they may be called upon to part with it?—How, when we are absent from our homes, no matter however humble they may be, our thoughts are constantly referring to home; or, at least, *mine* are. How anxiously the sailor counts the days that must pass before his destination can be reached, and, at the close of each day, is one day nearer home. How eagerly does his strained eye watch for the first appearance of land, and what inexpressible feelings of joy and emotion does he experience, when his native land appears in sight. "We are almost home," he exclaims, and is all impatience to greet the loved ones at home. "I am almost home," exclaims the wild and thoughtless boy, as he trudges along through the snow. And, at last the distance is gained, and he stands at the door. He pauses a moment, for the scene is a bright and homelike one, and he is unwilling to intrude. There they all are, father, mother, brother and sister, gathered around the old-fashioned fireplace, which casts a ruddy and cheerful light through the apartment. He lifts the latch, and soon there is a place for him around the fireside, in the center of that happy group.

"I am almost home," murmurs the aged man, as his friends gather around his death bed, to mourn over his departure. How calm and peaceful he looks, when the thought that he was almost home, occurred to him; for, although this life is sweet, and has its pleasures and joys, yet he is glad to go, for then he will be at rest from all the cares and anxieties of this life, and be where he will meet the friends of his youth.

"I am going home," he murmurs, and calmly the spirit takes its flight, leaving a halo of glory upon his brow that the thought that he was going home inspires. M. M.

For the Seminary Bell.
HEART MUSINGS.

It is pleasant sometimes to shut out the world, and indulge the bright fancies and pleasant dreams of the heart; to hold communion with bygone hours. Whilst musing here, the hours of childhood rise fainter o'er my memory, like some witching strain of half-forgotten music. Methinks I see again the friends I loved in youth's unclouded hours; but where are they now? Some are in a foreign clime; others, alas, are now sleeping their last long sleep in the cold, cold arms of death! They have gone to their quiet rest, no more to be disturbed by this world's jarring discord. Perchance, their spirits have ascended to a holier, happier clime.—How often do the remembrance of friends, and friendships of bygone years come crowding upon us, filling our hearts as with the sad, sweet melody of an Aelian harp. What fond and generous friendships are sometimes bred among youthful companions, in the bright epoch of school-day life. How frequent it is for attachments to spring up, at whose stainless sincerity and tender romance, we smile in after years. Constantly upspringing with perennial freshness, the joy of the past blooms ever on our pathway, and becomes again the treasures of the present. Looks of familiar love, and past words of welcome, vanished smiles and sounds of fairy footfalls, haunt the present, and beckon us back through the vista of as many years as may chance to be.

Ah! yes, it is surely a pleasure to contemplate the scenes of "long ago." It strangely mingles sadness with gladness. Many years have passed away, yet memory will bring back those cherished scenes of school-day life as vividly as though it was but yesterday.

A. M. H.

For the Seminary Bell.
HISTORY.

To form some idea of the condition of enlightened man, as to whether he is progressing with his various faculties, the arts and sciences more fully developed, christianity and morality promoted; or whether he is making a retrograde progress, we have only to refer to history, and compare the past with the present.

A rainbow of delight penetrates our hearts, when we view the undescribable contrast which it presents us; the ultimate conclusion at which we would arrive would be in favor of our advancement.

From a knowledge of History, we are enabled to see the course man has pursued, from his first springing into existence up to the present time. It opens up to the mind a field of thought and astonishment, when we gaze upon the various changes which characterize his course. At one time we see his path illuminated with the brightest sunshine of prosperity, surrounded by all the privileges that his wisdom could suggest for the harmonious development of freedom and science; while, at another, we see him wafted from his course by the uneven tempest of adversity, attended by all the tyranny and oppression that the ascendants power could grant. Can we not make history a study of profit and interest to us, while we are preparing for the theatre of action? It teaches us a lesson that

can be learned from no other source, except by actual experience. By it we are taught that man must think and act for himself, if he wishes to prosper.

The history of every free Republic boldly advocates self reliance; nor do we see any free or enlightened without it.

H. M. C.

For the Seminary Bell.
OUR TYRANNY.

The tyranny with which our forefathers were oppressed, was grievous to be borne, and they rose in the power that the knowledge of right gives, and resolved to throw off the fetters that bound them. The struggle was long and severe, but they were at last victorious, and thenceforward we have been called a free people. But are we not under a greater thralldom than ever they were? Are there not tyrants existing of our own choice, that hold us in chains more galling than even the bondage in which they were held?

The tyrant, fashion, has some of the most servile slaves, who bow the neck to the gilded fetters, as though it was but pastime to wear them. At first they are light, and we suffer no inconvenience from them, indeed we scarcely notice that they are around us, yet the tyrant draws them closer and still closer, imposing heavier duties and calling for more abject obedience, until we at last find ourselves paying more grievous taxes than ever King George imposed upon our ancestors.

And fear, caused by the lack of moral courage, also exerts an influence over our lives and actions, with which we shall have to battle bravely if we would free ourselves from its power. The fear that an act or word would look badly in the eyes of others, has deterred many from doing their duty. I know the thought how will this or that be received will crowd itself into our minds as we contemplate doing what we, perhaps, feel to be our duty, and, unless we call courage to our aid, then will fear tighten its bands and we shall find it difficult even to struggle against the power that oppresses us. Turn which way we please, we find ourselves subjected to habits that hinder our advancement, and though they may be small taken separately, yet in the aggregate, they will overwhelm us in difficulties, and not only prevent our own happiness and comfort, but also has a tendency to destroy the enjoyment of others.

We may not think it much to make ourselves comfortable this once at the expense of another's convenience, but one act whether good or bad leads the way for another of the same kind; and, perhaps, before we are aware of it, we are encroaching again. Thus it goes on, till one of the characteristics of our every day life is supreme selfishness.

Now surely, if we are subject to so many masters who sway our minds and actions at pleasure, we are not free as we boast of being, far from it, for these invisible motives, that prompt us to action urge us on and will not be satisfied with halfway homage.

We must therefore either bow and acknowledge ourselves slaves, or, as did our forefathers, rise up in all the energy and strength of our characters, throw off the fetters that bound us too long, assert our independence, and prove by our daily lives, that we are a free and independent people.

S. A. T.

The State Teacher's Association met at Ottawa week before last.—It is said to have been quite an interesting gathering.

It is rumored, says the New York Times, that Mrs. Burdell Cunningham, is about to be married to a gentleman of that city, and that the bridal outfit is nearly completed.

THE SEMINARY BELL.

MT. CARROLL SEMINARY,
JANUARY, 1860.

EDITORIAL.

Another month has winged its flight, and distributed its load of joys and sorrows. How natural it is to hail the departure of each day with pleasure, and wonder why it tarries so long.—There is always something in prospect to make one rejoice at the rapidity with which time pursues his onward course, and regret his seeming tardiness. As soon as one object has been enjoyed, and the memory can no longer cling to that, another rises in the dim and distant future and enlists those emotions of pleasure which exist in every human heart. The mind goes forth and embraces it; the fancy pictures it in glowing colors; the imagination encircles it with a myriad of beauties and joys; until we can no longer rest contented to let time take his slow and noiseless way, but we become eager to urge him on, already reveling in the anticipated fruition.

We take no note of time but by its loss; we reckon each moment on account of its hanging heavily upon our hands. Thus it is with man in the earlier stage of his being. In youth time drags; but as life advances and the tomb with its open portals heaves in sight, he endeavors to stay its progress. Little does he think when first starting upon the journey of life, as he looks ahead and views the long and seemingly endless road, that he will regret to reach its terminus. He rushes heedlessly along, wishing to make more rapid progress, careless of minutes as though they were pebbles which line the pathway to some beautiful land.—In his eagerness to arrive there, he takes no heed of them, but passes them by, only too glad to leave them in the distance. All along this road are objects of interest, to incite him to additional effort, and, as no exertion can advance him faster, it only makes his progress seem slower. With his eye fixed upon some famous scene toward which he is directing his footsteps, he complains of the length of the way and sighs, as he measures in his mind's eye the distance between himself and the much desired object. As the distance slowly and gradually diminishes, and the object comes so near as to be distinctly seen, the way begins to seem more winding and tortuous, with as many crooks and turns as the famous labyrinth of old. It finally issues forth in front of the scene. Here he halts a moment to admire the beauty, view the systematic proportions, and enjoy the play of those emotions, which the beautiful in nature or art always calls up from the hidden recesses of the impassioned soul.

With a shade of sorrow, he turns away disappointed, and fastens upon some distant shadow along his path which, he doubts not, will equal his ideal. Now forgetful of everything else, he pursues his cause, experiencing the same trouble as before, until he comes upon the object again to meet with bitter disappointment. Thus it is all along his route, always something ahead, to urge on his faltering pace, and make his countenance beam with hope. But when the end draws near, and the place which seemed before so beautiful and attractive, now appears gloomy and forbidding, he then thinks that he will arrive there too soon, and endeavors to contrive some way by which he may prolong his journey or retard his speed. In spite of every effort that he can make, he seems to be borne forward with additional rapidity, and the goal, which once appeared so far in the distance, and which he thought he could never reach, now stands fearfully near him. Oh, how he hates to take the final step which will carry him over the boundary! He hesitates, tries to turn back, but by some irresistible

power his foot is borne over, and now he has reached the terminus of his route.

Yes, not till the end approaches, and he can no longer see his road winding in the distance up some long and gently sloping hill, or through some flowery and fragrant plain, does he wish to slacken his rapid pace, and extend the season of his wayfaring. At his feet, the path terminates, and when he reaches the end he must step forth into the dark and unknown abyss which is here situated. Well may he shudder as he looks forward, for, from its unfathomable depths, he can never return. He must now even bid adieu to the pleasing anticipations which lured him on in an idle chase. A reality, a stern reality, is on the eve of opening up before him. Although danger was around him on every side, as he passed along he did not realize it, for there was a long prospect open to his view. But now he is aware that, in a few days more, he will give o'er his wanderings. He knows full well that there is no help for can he not already see the mouth of that gulf which is waiting to swallow him up. And as he stands upon the shore ready to make the awful leap with what sorrow and grief, he reviews the first part of his journey, unless he has been preparing for the present, and can look upon this as an entrance which opens into a land, far more beautiful than any he ever before witnessed, where he can roam for ages breathing the aroma of a thousand sweet scented flowers.

Then, instead of being so careless and indifferent about everything but advancing rapidly, how much better it would be to march leisurely forward and all the time be making the necessary provisions to meet the end which, it is known, must sooner or later come to all mortals. For this purpose, the road would be found none too long.—There would be no need of desiring to hasten, for something would be discovered all along the way, which would attract the attention and drive away all feelings of impatience. Nor would any wish arise in the latter part to prolong it, for, now having fully provided for this event, he rather longs for its accomplishment. He looked forward to this when he first set out, and has been all through the journey, making preparations, till now they are nearly completed. The object of his dearest wish is approaching fulfillment. Why should he not like to pass from this barren and desert land, into that glorious country which lies beyond. Now wearied by his long pilgrimage, he rejoices as he nears the Mecca of his earthly hopes. Dusty and soiled, he yearns to bathe in the fountain of immortality.

Then, since we have entered upon this journey ever since our eyes first opened upon the light, and will not cease until we have accomplished its long and weary way, should we not commence our preparations early, so as to be sure of having sufficient time.—We cannot tell when its end will come. It may seem afar off, so far as to be invisible, yet a few days travel may bring us upon it.

Let us now look far ahead and see whither we are tending. Let us guide our feet as far as we can, and take a path which will lead us, not only to the dark gulf, but through its mysterious regions to that better land. Let us not be journeying at random, not knowing where we shall land. Not like the ignorant mariner upon a boisterous and tempestuous sea, tossed to and fro at the mercy of wind and waves; but like the skillful navigator, standing firmly at the helm, guide the frail and feeble bark through storm and tempest safely to a destined harbor. It may be short: it may be long. If short, we will but the sooner reach that haven of rest; if long; we will pass but a few more stations, and, by a more winding route, reach the same Heavenly port.

Commence the new year right.

SALUTATORY ADDRESS.

Delivered at the Exhibition of the Neosophic Society, December 20th, 1859.

BY J. CLARK, President.

It is with emotions of no common character, that we appear before you to-night. The thought that we will be gazed upon by so many whose mature age and experience have rendered them far superior to ourselves, and who are ever ready to criticise each awkward movement and miss-spoken word, is embarrassing in no small degree, yet, we trust, when you are reminded of your school days, and the many embarrassments under which you labored on occasions of this kind, you will pass our imperfections by, and cheer us by an expression of your approbation, rather than add to our mortification by scornful laughter or critical remarks.—We do not come before you as orators skilled in all the beauties peculiar to that profession, neither do we appear as theatrical performers, but as students favored with the advantages of one term's culture, earnestly hoping that our exercises may not only be for the amusement, but also for the improvement of all. We are all social beings, and to this nature may be attributed the joys of home, the comforts of the fireside, and the happiness of every community. None of us have failed to place the highest estimate on these relations. These sunny spots and pleasant hours of life were otherwise a weary pilgrimage. Few there are indeed who have not felt the softening and refining influence of paternal love and filial confidence.

With all the gentleness of a gentle breeze our purest affections have met a response in every heart in our happy homestead; and when we have wandered forth to enjoy a wide social circle, how the responsive smile and the welcome words of confidence have made our hearts glad in the society of friends, and wherever we may have turned, North or South, the joys of social intercourse have been the greatest pleasure of our lives.

To this may be ascribed all the improvements we make in life, and though the wiser may listen to the productions of those who are not so wise, yet all may improve.

As such we come before you to-night, hoping you will grant us a patient hearing, and if perchance, we do not meet your expectations, we trust you will not regard us with a scrutinizing eye, but remember this is our first effort, on which we hope to improve. We are yet young in the world's affairs and cares, incapable of producing anything that is perfect.

But not to weary your patience with a long series of preliminary remarks, we will bid you a hearty welcome and commence our exercises.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

BY J. CLARK.

Man is the only being in the universe, whose happiness is incomplete, and who, at the same time, is sensible that it is so; who is moved by a mysterious power which cause him to disdain his own imperfections and aspire to that which shall make him a nobler being.

Man is the only being who is possessed of the great solace of all pain. Faith and Hope. It is this peculiarity in his nature which enables him to look forth with fond anticipations into the future, and borrow if you please, enjoyment for the present. Man is the only being that can communicate his thoughts to his fellow associates, and whose greatest source of enjoyment is founded on intellectual and social intercourse. It is this which distinguishes him from the beast, and makes him the noble being that he is, And that these things are true, is one of the strongest proofs of the existence of an All-wise Cre-

ator, and of the immortality of the soul; for can it be, that beings, capable of contemplating all the works of creation; beings, capable of being moved by combined harmonies of sound; beings, capable of increasing in knowledge to an unlimited extent; beings, who are never satisfied with searching after truth in all the winding labyrinths and hidden recesses of nature; can it be, I say, that beings, possessing all these noble faculties, have no existence beyond the limits of the time which is allotted them here on earth! Hope is bestowed on us to cheer us on through the vicissitudes of life, and inspire us to act for the future. But Alas! this fanthom has proved the ruin of many. It is too common for us to allow the present to pass unimproved, and cling to those pleasures which future hopes afford.

Thus our youthful days are spent in idleness, and in old age we must lay down and die without the accomplishment of the great end for which our existence was designed.

How necessary, then, that we should all act for the present, ever bearing in mind that these precious opportunities will quickly pass, and that we must soon be numbered with the forgotten ones of earth; that soon others will take our places, who, like us, will be driven for a while in the whirl of time, then, like us, be lost in the shades of death. It is a view of this, my friends, that has brought us here to-night.

But for the knowledge we have of these truths, we should never have become members of that fountain head of learning, the Mt. Carroll Seminary. It is this which has prompted us to act. It is this which has aided us in becoming what we are. And now our exercises are about to close. We are aware they have been imperfect, perhaps, to an extent, which has rendered them disagreeable. But hope forbids our disponding and cheers us with the prospect of meeting with you again, when, by patient toil and unyielding effort, we shall have become better prepared to entertain you. We are grateful for the encouragement you have given us by your kind attention and apparent satisfaction. If we have wearied your patience, we hope you will excuse us. And now, to my classmates, those with whom it has been my happy lot to mingle in so many scenes of pleasure and social enjoyment, I would say a few words. In addressing you many thoughts present themselves, which it is beyond my power to express.

No friendship is purer than that which has arisen between us. A similarity of toil and trial, of hope and aspiration, of purpose and aim, has brought forth more fully that confidence and respect, which we cherish toward each other. Add to this the social example of our beloved teachers and who can wonder that we come to this closing exercise with sadness. When we leave this place, it will be to separate. True the greater part of us expect to return, yet the little band can no longer remain unbroken. Some of those, with whom we have become united by the strong ties of friendship, are now about to leave us. Their familiar faces will be no longer seen in the class, and their voices will no longer mingle with ours in recitation. But so it is on earth, our associations here are but momentary. Time with its mighty hand, falls down and destroys the gay fabrics of youth, and the aged veteran, as he calls up in long review the many incidences of the past can but lift up his hoary head and weep as he realizes the absence of those with whom he spent his happiest days. The past has truly been a delightful term to us. Here we have sat, as it were, under our own vine and fig-tree. Here we have had the teachers of our choice, and here we have received their kind instruction. The sun, the moon, the stars in their course, and the storms and winds, have

all witnessed our coming in and our going out, and all can testify that this has been both a profitable and an agreeable session. Youth is truly the intellectual seedtime of life; and so sure as this is true, so sure we shall reap the rewards of this term's culture.

And to whom can we attribute it but our kind teachers! Then, if there is a place for gratitude in the human heart, let insense be raised from that fountain to bless those who have toiled and suffered so much to make us wiser and happier. You, beloved teachers, will receive the assurance of our highest regards for your faithful and untiring service. We know your task is not an easy one.

In the midst of toil and weariness, we have marked the patience, and promptness, with which you have discharged each duty. You have borne with our childishness and waywardness. The attachment between teacher and pupil has, in no case been more strong than the present.

And now I would say a word to those who are about to leave us. There is a power in social life which seems to wrap itself around each human heart and guide its aspirations, until it becomes what others are around it. Unconsciously we partake of the spirit of those with whom we associate, until their habits become our own. From this cause, many young persons have left the kindlier influence of parents and teachers, with noble purpose and lofty aspiration, but by mingling with those of a vicious and impure disposition, these noble purposes have become blighted, and in their stead, have rankly grown the noxious weeds which have brought forth but the fruitage of poison and death. Guard well, then, your association in life, and when other faces shall greet you, when your minds shall have become engrossed with other cares, let your visions and meditations reach back to our present enjoyments and to those who have been your associates and willing assistants in preparing to act well your parts in the great battle of life. And now to all: you who have shown the interest you feel in our success, by thronging to witness our exercises; you, our patrons, to whom we feel so highly indebted; you, our beloved teachers whom we shall never forget, but cherish in warm remembrance; and you, our classmates, with whom we have passed so many both sad and joyful scenes, and with whom we are now to part, perhaps, never more to meet, till the shades of earth have fled away, and in another world, we are gathered to hymn the praises of our Creator: to you all we would extend the parting hand, and bid a fond and lingering adieu.

For the Seminary Bell.

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI"

Decay is written upon everything earthly. Nothing is exempt from the destroyer's power. Wherever he passes, devastation and death mark his course.—His breath withers and blights whatever it falls upon. His tracks are impressed upon the graves of living beings, and over the ruins of inanimate objects. He does not halt or turn aside, but his course is ever straight onward. Whatever opposes his march, must yield and meet the fate destined to terrestrial things. His journey is one of continual triumph, rejoicing in the sorrows and groans of friends over the beings which once gave response to their kind regards, and in the complaints and griefs of the devotees of the beauties of art and nature over her desolate domains.

Strength has no power to withstand his hand. It fails as soon as his touch is felt. That, which seems the strongest and firmest and most capable of encountering and weathering the gales of many a winter's sky falls at length, finding its power but weakness in comparison. Beauty, whose influence upon the human soul is magical and whose power can hardly be said to be defined, finds its influence and power melting away from his cold and relentless grasp. All traces soon disappear and nothing is left to remind us of its original state. And, since strength is

incapable to cope with such an unequal foe, what success can it be expected that the fair and beautiful can have in the contest.

How finely does Moore express this idea in his lovely poem:

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest, still the fleetest:
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.

This change does not take place instantaneously, but often is the work of ages. A day or year may not observe the slightest shade or defect. At the close, it may look as fair and beautiful as at the beginning, yet the cankering worm of decay has been continually and gradually gnawing at its vitals, and infusing the poison which will at length pervade its whole system.

It has to reach a certain point of development before it becomes visible, and then every step towards its final ruin seems to stand forth in open view. Although this imperceptible working is going on slowly and gradually, it is not uniform. It is a matter of great difficulty for it to commence its operations, for then it has no foothold, no place against which to brace, but when an opening has been made, a foothold formed, then its action is more brisk and perceptible, and as it advances toward the heart, every step is made easier than the preceding one. The force seems to be accumulating, and the impetus already acquired, gives it an accelerated motion.

Nature bears witness on its open page of the magic changes which it produces. Her fairest scenes are undergoing continual transformation. Every season presents a new face. Every landscape and feature varies with the revolving orb. There is no one, but who has noticed this. It is quick and decisive, but in art it sometimes takes centuries to reveal the slightest trace of revolution. The slow and stealthy progress makes it no less sure, but allows it to come more unexpectedly and less provided for.—The noted cities of antiquity testify to this. To trace the gradual yet ravaging effects which time's desolating hand has had upon them and their splendid buildings, is a pleasing and instructive study. They teach us a lesson that, although they endured so long, and seemed destined to abide the flow of ages, they had finally to yield and own the conqueror's sway. They warn us that we are mortal and soon will bow down our heads in the dust. They show us that our actions, if noble or base, like the deeds of their inhabitants will flourish green and bright in the memories of coming generations long after we shall have passed away from earthly scenes. They counsel us so to live that we shall not fear to face a world's censure, and to be judged by that just tribunal, the universal opinion of posterity.

Pompeii and Herculaneum, once famous cities, are now unknown save to the student or antiquary. Nothing remains of them to point out their situation. They lie buried beneath the melted lava of volcanic Vesuvius. Here beneath these ruins, once lived and breathed a race of fellow beings, prone as ourselves to every emotion of sympathy or passion. Let us lift up the veil which hangs over their destiny, and gaze for a moment upon them, on the night whose close looked down upon their destruction. No presentment of their impending fate comes across their minds. They walk those streets, happy in beauty and strength, and enter into and enjoy every means of happiness. Beneath the balcony of some tower, a lover, perchance, meets his mistress or passes the midnight hour engaged in some gallant love intrigue. Now and then, a gaily dressed noble hastens by, to seek some scene of pleasure or bent upon some perilous deed. The senator, with dignified face and bowed head moves slowly along, musing up-

on the future destiny of his country, or upon some scheme to enrich himself and family, or to add new lustre to his already brilliant name.

The robber and assassin are not idle.—They are busily engaged at their deadly and accursed trade. No thought of the future is ever suffered to enter their minds. The present is before them.—What need have they of more? They are happy. Hark! in the midst of their pleasures, they hear a low, rumbling noise like distant thunder. But utterly unconscious of their danger and intent upon enjoyment, they do not heed it. It continually grows louder and louder as it approaches, until they can no longer doubt their senses. Vesuvius is on fire. Where a short time ago, no sound was heard save that of revelry and mirth, now their resound shrieks and cries for help; where the gay courtier walked with his proud step and haughty mein, now comes the rush of a thousand feet inspired by terror. Vain are their efforts.—No exertion can save them. Like an avalanche carrying destruction as it sweeps on, the deluge of lava comes rushing down. Like a sea it settles over the devoted cities, and their inhabitants are known no more. Now the antiquary delves deep to find the slightest traces of their ancient glory. Ages have elapsed, and it is almost impossible to determine the place of their ruin. They, once so glorious have passed away. Their splendor vanished like mist before the noonday sun. It could not move to pity the hard and obdurate heart of destruction who, hovering a moment and circling above its prey, swooped down bearing death in its embrace.

Although Athens now exists and enjoys considerable reputation as a city, she cannot at all compare with the Athens of former days. Her glory can truly be said to be departed. Only the slightest shade of the energy, which once characterized her people, can be traced in their dispositions and actions. When she, in league with the other Grecian cities, united to resist the invasion of the Persian myriads under Xerxes in their descent to devastate her beautiful plains, the bravery, discipline and energy of the Athenians were clearly proved to be unsurpassed. Nobly and bravely they fought. Their blood was poured forth like water, deemed but too cheap when given for the land of their love. No deeds of late years have confirmed it. Once they endeavored to shake off the lethargy which holds them in its embrace, when their bleeding country called them to arms, and freedom swung its ensign on high; but neither country nor freedom could invoke the courage of the armies of Leonides or Miltiades. They had forgotten the art which made them once so renowned. The liberty they now enjoy, they are glad to owe to foreign aid. Once they would not have endured such a reproach, but would have spurned this inestimable blessing, if offered by Barbarian arms. The brisk step, the quick glancing eye, flashing fire, alone proclaim the Greek and distinguish him from his fellow citizens. A nation of traders has usurped the place of a race of warriors. The eloquence of Demosthenes could not now rouse them from their peaceful and oblivious slumber, nor the philippic thunder in their ears, full of invectives and persuasions, incite them to action. The columns of her magnificent temples and public buildings, now old and decayed, which once witnessed the triumphs of her distinguished generals and orators and listened to the teachings of Socrates, as he discoursed with his disciples upon the immortality of the soul and the one all-ruling Deity, bow their heads in shame over the base degeneracy of the descendants of her noble sons.—They seem but an echo of a long forgotten sound, which is continually dying

away and becoming less and less distinct. And fainter and fainter will she grow, until nothing but a glimmer remains.—She has slowly and gradually lost her radiance, till from the bright and glorious sun, she has been transformed into a dim and twinkling star. Her influence upon the surrounding nations and the destiny of the world has undergone the same series of transformations; so that now she is considered a mere cipher in the political world.

No one needs to be pointed to Rome. The sound of her name and the character of the old Romans are as familiar as "household words." Many a pleasant hour does the student spend amid the scenes and deeds of her ancient glory, following the fortune of her army, as she sweeps on in her irresistible march.—He lingers with tears over the fate of the brave and upright Regulus, who, sooner than break his plighted word even to his enemy, returned to certain death and lingering torture. He admires the firmness of Scævola, the generalship of Scipio and Cæsar, and the patriotism of Brutus. Then passing down through generations to the present time, he scans the page of history, to see the illustrious names which have been lately entwined in that garland of honor that decks her shining brows.—He starts back astonished. No new names meet his gaze. Tears start to his eyes afresh, to think of the degeneracy of the Romans, and he turns back to the page where it treats of her early state with a sigh of relief. Yes, indeed, Rome has fallen. She lives but does not scarcely breathe; a mere skeleton. The name, which once honored the meanest citizen and made him peer with the proudest King, has lost its magic power and ceased to confer even the slightest degree of respect. A Roman could once stand in the presence of the noblest of other lands and claim without an idle boast, that he was an equal; but now he is little better, and his name has become almost synonymous with slave. A feeling of reverence may come over us on hearing it mentioned, but our esteem for the noble qualities, which were so happy blended in the ancient Roman character, is the only cause. No other emotion than that of pity would arise when the Roman of to-day stands before us, pity that such a noble race could fall in all that constitute true greatness, but preserve those traits which alone show that humanity is fallen. Yet Rome will never be forgotten. Long after the pillars which support the majestic ruins of her splendid buildings have decayed; long after the columns which uphold her ample theatres and public edifices have fallen; long after the monuments, which record the deeds of her heroes and deck her fair face, have moldered into dust, she will live in the remembrance of man, rendered nearly immortal by the glorious success of her celebrated generals and invincible arms, and by the works of her orators, poets, historians and statesmen. These noble structures, erected through means obtained by foreign conquest, are visibly departing. In a few centuries, they will have utterly passed away; if one should then look upon her, would he, do you think, imagine that she once gave laws to the then known world. If he should, his imagination must needs be aided by historical reading and scholastic research. Thus all the ancient cities bear witness to the corroding power which time exerts. In whatever direction we turn our gaze, it meets nothing but which reminds us of the frailty of humanity and its most cherished works; which tells us of the truth of the Latin adage, 'Sic transit gloria mundi,' thus passes away the glory of the world.

Common sense can accomplish much without great talents, but all the talents in the world can accomplish very little without common sense.

THE SEMINARY BELL.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

WANTED, in our sanctum: A splinter from the North Pole. A lock of hair from the man in the moon. A jewel from the crown of glory. One dozen pencils of light. The preface to the great book of nature. Support from the staff of life.

LECTURE.—The first Lecture for the Winter term, before the Students of the Mt. Carroll Seminary, will be delivered by JAMES SHAW, Esq., on Thursday Evening, Jan. 26th. Subject "The Sphinx."

Patrons and friends are invited.

F. A. W. SHIMER & GREGORY,
Principals.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—In behalf of a reading room, which has just been opened at the Mt. Carroll Seminary, by the members of the Neosophic Society, we, the committee, would respectfully solicit the aid of Publishers of papers, magazines, periodicals, &c., in supplying it with the necessary reading matter. We have been to some expense in prepping and furnishing a room for this purpose, and hope that the friends of the "young aspirant after knowledge" will voluntarily offer their assistance in the form of the above mentioned articles.

T. W. FLOWER,
F. THORN,
Miss M. WHITE,
Committee.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—The proprietors of this old and well known paper offer the following inducements to subscribers for 1860:

One copy of the POST, per year, \$3.00.
One copy of the POST and two Engravings of Niagara Falls, per year, \$3.00.
One copy of the POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$3.00.
One copy of the POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book, one year, \$3.50.

TO CLUBS:

9 COPIES of THE POST, one year, 3.00.
4 " (and one of the Engravings to get up of Club,) one year, 5.00.
8 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to get up of Club,) 10.00.
13 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to get up of Club,) 15.00.
20 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to get up of Club,) 20.00.
30 " (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to get up of Club,) 30.00.

They also offer a large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is \$4.00. It is a Gem!

P. S.—The Postage will be pre-paid on all the Engravings. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,

No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sample Copies of the Post sent gratis when requested.

STUDENT'S RE-UNION.—This Society held its annual business meeting at the Mt. Carroll Seminary, on Friday morning, Dec. 23d, 1859, which was attended by quite a number of the "old pupils," The President being absent, the Vice-President, Mrs. J. M. BRADLEY, officiated. After transacting other business, they elected the following persons to fill the various offices:

President—W. B. LADD, of Galena,
Vice-President—H. NEIKIRK, Elk Horn Grove.
Rec. Sec'y—Miss M. E. WHITE, Mt. Carroll.
Cor. Sec'y—Mrs. F. A. W. SHIMER, "
Treasurer—Miss A. M. BIGGER, "

COMMITTEE ON ADDRESSES, ESSAYS AND POEMS.
Miss S. A. STEVENS, Polo.

" S. J. RANSOM, Elk Horn Grove.
" H. BELDING, Rock Creek.
" CHEDIE DARROW, Albany.
" E. McCLOSKEY, Camanche, Iowa.
Mrs. HATTIE BROOLFIELD, Genesee Grove.
Mr. F. THORN, De Witt, Iowa.
" E. F. BROCK, Sterling.
" L. HEMINGWAY, Cherry Grove.
" H. NEIKIRK, Elk Horn Grove.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Miss M. GREGG, Rock Island.
Misses E. and M. CALKINS, Rock Island.
Miss JENNIE HAPPER, Albany.
" J. A. INGERSOLL, Freeport.
" H. McCUNE, Sterling.
" A. M. BENTON, Lamoille.
" EMMA SEAMAN, Mt. Carroll.
" H. P. HOLMAN, "
" E. MASON, Polo.
" NELLIE C. SWARTWOUT, Polo.

In the afternoon, they met at the Baptist Church, where the exercises, which consisted of Essays, Music, &c., were very interesting.

The Social Party, which was given at the SEMINARY in the evening, was largely attended, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves hugely.

SEMINARY BELL.—We have received the first and second numbers of a neatly printed paper bearing the above title, and hailing from Mt. Carroll. It is published by a committee of students belonging to the Mt. Carroll Seminary, and is very creditable to the literary tasks and ability of the managers.—*Whiteside Sentinel*.

THE SEMINARY BELL.—We have received the second number of the *Seminary Bell*, a monthly paper containing eight pages of four columns each, published by the students at the Mt. Carroll Seminary. It is a well printed sheet and every article in it is readable and instructive, and several of them we have read with much more than ordinary interest. If the succeeding numbers prove equal to the one before us, the Mt. Carroll Seminary will have reason to be proud of the talent she possesses, and the committee of publication need not fear to have their paper go before the public. It is published monthly, at \$1 per annum, and we trust will be sustained.—*Rock River Mirror*.

PROBLEMS, ENIGMAS, &C.

Problem 18.

Require the 100th power of 11?

Problem 19.

Given $(6 \times 3^{\frac{1}{2}}) \times 2 \times (5 - 112^{\frac{1}{4}}) \times$ to find x ?

Problem 20.

Given $x^6 - 6x^3 = 16$ to find x ?

Problem 21.

What number is that which exceeds its reciprocal by 7?

Problem 22.

What two numbers are those, such that their sum, product, and the sum of their squares shall be equal to each other?

Problem 23.

A, B, and C together performed a piece of work in a certain time; A alone could have done it in 7 hours more; B alone in 11 hours more, and C alone in 11-7 of the time. How long did it take them to do the work?

Problem 24.

One half of a certain number equals its square; what is that number?

Problem 25.

Given $x^9 \times x^{4-2}$ to find four values of x by quadratics.

Problem 26.

Given $x + x^2 = 90$ to find x ?

Problem 27.

A loaned a sum of money at a certain rate per cent. The square of the sum of the principal and the rate per cent. is \$9,00 less than twice the principal multiplied by the rate per cent. plus 50, added to the product of the rate per cent., and the rate per cent. less one.

And 4 times the product of the principal and its square root, added to 4 times the square root of the principal equals the product of 3 times the square root of the principal, and the principal increased by \$1,00, added to the product of the square root of 10 times the rate per cent. plus one and the principal increased by \$1,00; Require the principal and the rate per cent.

Problem 28.

One third of my capital is \$7,00 more than 1-4 of it, plus \$1 three-dollar pieces. What is my capital?

Problem 29.

D's fortune added to 1-3 of E's, which is to D's as 1 to 3, being put on interest for 5 years, at 8 per cent., amounts to \$1800. What was each of their fortunes?

Problem 30.

6-8 of 1-6 of the cost of B's farm is 6-7 of 3 1-2 of what he gained by selling it. What did he gain per cent.?

Problem 31.

A boy bought a gun, a watch, and a dog, for \$30. The gun cost \$11.23, the gun and watch cost 2 and 699-767 times as much as the dog. What was the cost of each?

Problem 32.

How can we easily see that the moon is in motion.

Problem 33.—Is the real motion of the moon from west to east, or from east to west?

Problem 34.—What causes the sun to rise and set, apparently, each day?

Problem 35.—How do we know that the earth is round like a ball?

Problem 36.—Why is the earth round, instead of being cubical?

Problem 37.—A cannon ball weighing 64 pounds, struck a wall with a velocity of 450 feet per second. What was its momentum, or with what force did it strike?

Problem 38.—If a vessel sail 10 miles an hour for one week, how far will it sail in that time?

Problem 39.—Two elastic balls, A and B, each weighing two pounds, are moving in opposite directions. A's velocity is 17 feet, and B's 25 feet per second. What will be the velocity of each after impact?

Problem 40.—If A weighs 10 pounds, and moves 40

feet per second, and B weighs 30 pounds and is at rest. What will be the velocity of each after impact?

PROBLEM 41.—If each ball weighs 7 pounds, and moves in the same direction, A with a velocity of 91, and B 21 feet per second, what will be the velocity of each after impact?

PROBLEM 42.

There are two trees standing on a horizontal plane, the distance between which is 185 1-2 feet, and the heights of which are 105 and 79 1-2 feet, respectively. Now, there is a spring so situated between said trees, that it is an equal distance from the top of each.

Require the distance, and how far the spring is from the base of each tree.

ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS AND ENIGMAS IN LAST.

7. Ans.—\$1163.81 nearly.

8. Ans.—30 miles.

9. Ans.—131 1-4 feet.

10. Ans.—100.

11. Ans.—99-23 of 0, or simply nothing.

12. Ans.—28 70 5-7.

13. Ans.—108.

14. Ans.—1,293,600 tons, and it will fill 4,915,220,4269 hogsheds.

15. Ans.—\$47,008,000.00 expended in one year. It will amount to \$77,825,350,185.58x in 30 years; 128320

and in 2— years it would amount to enough 5687968

to build the Pacific Railroad.

16. Ans.—166 2-3 feet per second.

PROBLEM 17.

If an inelastic ball, weighing 66 pounds, and moving with a velocity of 75 feet per second, strike a similar ball, weighing 48 pounds, and moving 36 feet per second, in an opposite direction, what will be their velocity after impact?

Ans.—28 5-19 feet per second.

SOLUTION $\frac{66 \times 75 - 48 \times 36}{66 + 48} = \frac{4950 - 1728}{114} = \frac{3222}{114} = 28 \frac{5}{19}$

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

My whole is composed of 38 letters.
My 5, 35, 11, was a gallant Revolutionary General.
My 36, 8, 6, 15, 19, is a title of Pluto.
My 10, 11, 12, 19, 14, 5, 1, 8, was the wife of Romulus.
My 5, 1, 31, 32, 35, was a French Astronomer.
My 16, 35, 28, 29, 32, 3, 30, was Archbishop of Cambray.
My 30, 17, 31, 33, is quite useful.
My 2, 21, 23, 15, 38, we could not live without.
My 6, 4, 7, 11, 22, was a celebrated engraver.
My 9, 10, 8, 5, 11, 21, was the nurse of Comedy.
My 15, 14, 21, 30, 24, was the Goddess of Humility.
My 18, 10, 17, 28, 37, is the name of a river.
My 20, 1, 30, 19, are small but useful.
My 25, 1, 30, is a metal.
My 26, 27, 9, 11, opposite of love.
My 34, 1, 5, 11, is not good.
My whole is a memorable reply given by an ancient General.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 4, 18, 8, is the God of Shepherds.
My 1, 11, 16, 18, is the Goddess of silence.
My 4, 17, 14, 16, 2, 11, 12, is a son of God.
My 3, 9, 8, 18, 20, the Priestess of Bacchus.
My 4, 22, 17, 18, 6, 11, 12, was turned into a swallow.
My 6, 14, 10, 11, 12, was the God of wit.
My 21, 13, 10, 18, 21, 20, 12, an Athenian Orator.
My 15, 14, 17, 16, 14, 8, 18, the Goddess of fortune.
My whole is one of the Muses.

CHARADE.—1st.

My first 'tis said is seen
In every motion of a belle;
My second is a color,
In nature known to dwell.

My third is in the forest,
In the village, on the main;
My whole is an authoress,
Now, pray you, tell her name.

CHARADE.—2nd.

I am said to be both good and bad,
I'm used in drink, I'm used in food,
I'm sometimes high, but oftener low,
My name is what? Of course you know.
I am found in air as well as water,
I am not in joy, but yet in laughter;
I'm neither sily, tall nor shin,
Nor am I known to be in sin.
I never yet was found in pride,
But in vanity always did abide;
I'm in the candle, not the light,
And though in darkness, not in night.
I never am found in drink or food,
Yet always make the eating good;
I'm not in the fire, nor in the stove,
But coal and heat I always love.
No eye hath seen me in a book,
But in all learning I keep a nook;
Now guess my name, my place, and shape,
And then I'll mention you my mate;
But first I'll whisper to 'void mistake,
I'll not be in a guess you'll make.

BEAR CHASE.—The trail of some bears was discovered in the snow last week, a few miles south of Jonesboro, and a party of men with their guns and dogs started in pursuit. After following the trail for four days, they came up with the bears in the Lake Hills, and after one of the most exciting fights killed two, each one of which weighed over two hundred pounds, net. We had the good fortune, thanks to Fletch Hutson, to have some of the meat, which was very fine indeed.—*Jonesboro Gazette, 31st ult.*

ORATION.—WHERE IS THY HOME?

Delivered at the Exhibition of the Neosophic Society, December 26th, 1859.

BY MISS ALICE CHAPMAN.

Old man, with snow-white locks;
joyous, laughing, loving maidens;
young man, with life out before you—
a flower-decked, sunlit path; idle dreamer,
listlessly dreaming life away,
bringing all the dark scenes with the
sweet effulgence of Hope; and world-weary wanderer, can you answer me?
Where is thy home? Ages ago, other people dwelt upon this earth where we now dwell. Even in the lone Arabian desert once stood cities, jewels in the crown of empires. But where are they now, and where is their home? No trace of the cities can be seen, save in the stony moslem, where the embalmed monarchs of other ages are laid down to rest. Is that their home? Here, in the same streets where we now tread; here in the spot that we call our home, the unenlightened INDIAN once dwelt and called it home. The deep forests, the broad prairies, and even the proud rolling river, he claimed, and upon it rocked his canoe to its billowy motion. But he is gone. Sadly he turned from his native land, for a vengeance, bitter and fierce, swelled in his heart. The conquerors arm was more powerful than his own, and he looked his last upon it, passed away, and is still sleeping beneath the sod.—And are all those that dwelt in past ages, still sleeping in the grave where they were laid? Is that their home? There is a river rolling on forever, and upon it we are borne. There are no currents in it, but millions of barks are always sailing, ever in one direction, for there is no returning. Down this river have all those generations past, and down it we are passing. It is the river of time, and the barks that are sailing upon its billowy motion, are life barks. When we turn our feet wearily aside from the pathway, we will move our barks where the river sweeps into the ocean—the ocean of eternity. There aged man, laughing girl, idle dreamer, and all that have ever lived, in this blissful eternity, in Heaven is thy Home.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

THE HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
New York City.

Paid up Capital, : : : : \$1,000,000.

THE PEORIA INSURANCE COMPANY,
Peoria.

Capital, : : : : \$500,000.

THE STEPHENSON CO. INSURANCE COMPANY,
Freeport.

Capital, : : : : \$230,000.

THE above Companies will issue Policies of Insurance against all Disasters by Fire, at their Agency in Mt. Carroll. LEWIS CHURMAN, Agent.
Office in Miller's Brick Block, Cor. Main and Market sts.

FROELICH & FRIBERGER.

CHEAPEST STORE
IN
CARROLL COUNTY.

COMPETITION DEFIED.

THIS New Firm is exhibiting a large and well selected Stock of
GOODS,
consisting of

DRY-GOODS,
HATS
AND
CAPS,
BOOTS
AND
SHOES,
AND

the best variety of
READY-MADE CLOTHING
In the West. In addition to their already inexhaustible supply, they receive monthly, large quantities from eastern markets. Their Stock is complete in every department, and they
WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD
by any establishment. Call, see, and be satisfied. Mark the place: Third door West of Mills' Bank, in the Room formerly occupied by Wilson & Co.
FROELICH & FRIBERGER.

For the Seminary Bell.
SNOW FLAKES.—A PARODY.

I have heard the rain-tear dropping,
In music soft and slow;
I have seen the snowflake falling
To the earth in cadence low.

But a sweeter tone hath cheered me,
At the evening's sunny glow,
And I've seen a sight still purer
Than the gentle flake of snow.

'Twas the thoughts of joys in Heaven,
And the Angel's winning love,
That thou, secallest, snowflakes,
Gently falling from above.

Though thy form may lose its lightness,
And its pearly whiteness too;
Though it mingle with earth's grossness
And be lost in its snowy hue;

Still to me thy memory's dearer
Than all the world has known;
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone.

I have conned thy teachings, Snowflake,
And they bid me look on high,
And to praise the loving Power
That sent thee from the sky. M. L.

For the Seminary Bell.
WHAT THE DOCTOR WRITES BEFORE BED-
TIME, OR LITTLE THOUGHTS.

"Home again." There is a world of meaning in these words; yes, of real meaning, pure and intrinsic; but who knows it, save you, when months and long years have passed away, and the time has arrived for once more striking the foot on the old portico, and lifting the sacred door-latch that just bars you from your Elysium of Earth?

Perhaps the same plank is loose in the floor, the same nail-head yet bright in the door-stool, or, perhaps, the sun's shadow plays across the corner of the window-sill just as you have seen it a thousand times before. You cast your eyes over the side of the verandah—how queer! that same windmill you put up on the third picket from the end of the fence seems almost ready to fly in pieces; and you thought it had spun its last round years ago.

You go in. There is the same staircase in the hall. How many times you have run up and down it, and slid your hand along the railing! But some one opens the parlor door, and you meet those "dear ones" whom you truly love. Can you tell me whose eyes glisten more than that little brother's? or whose tears have lifted your heart higher in your throat than that over-joyed mother's? or what kiss has been sweeter to your lips than that kind sister's? Truly, you say, this is "home again." In it is all the life of your life. No piano plays a sweeter tune than that loose-jointed rocking-chair; and the poor patient cat, wrought long ago on a rug by a great aunt, never even winks when the rockers play across her tail.

You sit down at the table; if your name is William, William must change that burnt biscuit for this one, just browned a little on the top. Your tea must have only cream enough in it, to turn it a deep chocolate—that is the way you used to drink it—and mother dislikes to see you eating that knarly radish, when here is one so much nicer.

I know this is a kind of a school-girl subject, (rather simple for an introductory,) and I shouldn't have thought of it had I not just returned from a business tour in the country, and been having a "high time" all the evening, with Dick.

Everybody about our house knows Dick, though he hasn't been here but

a few months, yet he is great favorite. I can tell you just what he looks like. Everybody has seen a short, fat, rich Dutchman standing on the street corners, with both hands in his pocket.—Now imagine yourself to look at him through an inverted telescope and you'll have Dick, a real little *Mohawk*, without a drop of Dutch blood in him.—At least if he has, I don't know of it. His mother is only a boarder here, and I haven't yet learned their ancestry; but, by the way, a very exemplary lady, who brings up her little three-year-old *bumpkin* in the "way he should walk."

I have said that Dick and I had a "high time." He is the right sort of a boy to play with, and can be rolled about and worked into as many shapes as a cook works her pastry. I have called him my dead bear and skinned him a dozen times, and still he has persisted that I should "do it once more."

He feels very proud when I dress him up in a paper coat and hat, and address him, *Colonel*, and a great deal moreso, when I contrive for him some whiskers and moustaches.

Boys, growing to manhood, are like intermittent spring. They are the reservoirs of a thousand little streams, which have their sources in all the world's diversity of character and flow silently through infancy, and I might say, through childhood, were it not for the slight exhibition of manly dignity, which so often appear and foretell so truly, how powerful is the current, that will soon burst forth in all the life a glory of God's highest creation.

Henry and Charles are very different young men: we say that Henry is "*talented*," and Charles "*not of much account*;" not because he has not had advantage like Henry, but because "*it isn't in him*." Their manhood has been fed by very different streams.—In the one, we find strength integrity and worth; in the other, weakness and confusion;—just as we see, in one stereotype, the picture of beauty and happiness; and in another, the picture of neglect and discontentment. They may be nearly identical in person; alike in height, form and size; may have been rocked in the same cradle, and baptized at the same altar; yet that invisible life—that spring of action—which lies coiled up in some hidden recess of each being, and which gives impetus to every thought and motion, has been heated and dipped in each rippling stream and received its temper accordingly.

These little bits of nonsense teach us many truths. In the strides of thought, we are apt to overlook the elements that form character and dote upon it as an individual and inherent principle. But its truth lies deeper.—As one single drop of acid reddens a jar of litmas blue, so does each act, in the scenes of life, whether it be in infancy, childhood, or manhood, shade the character with no less delicacy.

(To be continued.)

The Spaniards have gained a new victory over the Moors. The latter attacked the Spanish redoubts, but were gloriously repulsed. They left more than 300 killed and 1000 wounded; the Spaniards had 40 killed and 280 wounded.

Morton S. Wilkinson has been elected U. S. Senator from Minnesota, in the place of Shields.

For the Seminary Bell.
HUMBUGS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

"This is an age of humbug." Wherever we are and wherever we go, we find that everything and everybody is humbugged, by all sorts of people and in all sorts of ways. In common parlance, to be *sharp* is but another name for smartness; and, if we chance to be taken in and sold, it is only because we are ourselves a little verdant.

It finds its way in all places, among all classes of society. Not only in the busy theatre of the world does it reign supreme, but often at our own fireside, and even at the very altar of worship, we are often ridiculously imposed upon. Let us look about us a little. Here is one of the churches of the "upper tendom" with its wide portals thrown invitingly open. We enter and are lost in the blaze of splendor that bursts upon our view. Rich drapery falls in massive folds from gilded cornices. Through the stained glass windows, a sort of dreamy lustre falls upon the velvet-cushioned pews and the rich habiliments of their occupants. The organ peals forth its solemn notes, as if in mockery of the blaze of splendor surrounding it. The Rev. Mr. dressed in the extreme height of fashion, occupies the pulpit. He is holding forth in his most *rechere* style, on the follies and frivolities of the world.—His lilly white hand, on which sparkles a diamond of the purest water, is placed impressively on the sacred page, as if to add weight to the testimony, of which he himself, is a living contradiction. The audience, for the most part, is composed of fashionable people, who care more for dress than the concerns of the soul. They are proud of their elegant church and polished minister, and, as in duty bound, put on their solemn sanctimonious faces every seventh day, merely because it is fashionable to go to church and appear pious. Verily, this fashion is a great Humbug.—How much true worship can there be in this "temple of Mammon," christened with the name of Church, *that name* which should be the very symbol of truth and purity.

You take up a newspaper and glance over the long lists of advertisements. You find quite a variety. Here is one printed in large "caps," with the usual flourishes and exclamation points.—Tremendous Excitement! Arrival of the Europa! Great discovery! The fountain of youth! and the Elixir of life found at last! Dr. Buncum's celebrated Liniment. The greatest discovery of the age! This is to certify that I, Peter Snooks, bought six boxes of Dr. Buncum's celebrated Liniment, and after applying the same for three weeks to a wooden leg, I have the satisfaction of finding it covered with a fine coat of bark. P. S.—My wife, who has worn false teeth for the last six years, has used the above liniment for two weeks, and has now a fine set of teeth growing, &c., &c.

This is an age of progress. Everything is done by machinery now. Not only are the great miracles of art performed by machinery, but the minor details of every day life. We have machines for washing dishes, for hushing crying babies, and smoothing out the tempers of cross mamas and Nursing nairs. (A great invention that.—What will become of our modern Xanappes.) All that we have to do, is just to put the babies or the dishes in, and just turn a crank, and the babies will be fast asleep in a twinkling, and the dishes neatly arranged on the opposite shelf.

This is not only the age of Humbug, but a very fast age. Young America is bound to go ahead. The old foggy sort of people have died out long ago, and a new race of modern exquisites have sprung up like mushrooms to take their places. It has been said that there are no children now-a-days, only young gentlemen and ladies. Enterprising young gentlemen, who have arrived at the precocious age of ten or fifteen years, walk our streets smoking fragrant Havannas and sporting heavy

gold chains and breastpins (mind I didn't say galvanized.) Young ladies, just escaped from school, or, as Byron has it, bread and butter; young Misses sweep daintily down Broadway in flounces and satins. O wonderful precosity. What would our grandmothers say?

Yes, humbug prevails in all places, and in all stations in life. Our ministers, our lawyers, our teachers, our doctors, are all humbugs, "almost every mothers son of them; and I've about come to the conclusion that people like to be humbugged, for they gulp down every thing of the kind, with their eyes and mouths wide open.

Modest merit stands a very poor chance in this world. If you want to succeed with folks, sound a loud trumpet before you; pretend to be some body that you are not. Yes, my dear sir, or madam, sass 'em, sass 'em to their hearts content. C. S.

For the Seminary Bell.
BABYLON.

It is said by some historians that this city was founded by the wife of Ninus. She wished, by some means, to immortalize her name, and hence built this mighty city. There were about two million men employed in its erection, gathered from every province of the empire.

Some of the greatest works of Babylon are the walls, quays, canals, lakes, palaces, and hanging gardens. The walls were built of brick, cemented together with bitumen, a substance which by standing, becomes much harder than cement. They were stupendous, being about eighty feet in thickness, three hundred feet in height, and sixty miles in length, enclosing a square, each side of which was fifteen miles. On each side of this square, there were twenty-five gates of brass, in all one hundred. These were situated directly opposite each other, so that there were fifty streets, each fifteen miles in length. Upon these, the buildings were erected. There was a large space between the houses, which was occupied with gardens and pleasure grounds. Some of them were truly magnificent, especially those surrounding the old palace. The object of the greatest interest in these grounds, were the hanging gardens. They were square, were four hundred feet on a side, and rose terrace upon terrace, until they reached the height of the walls. The earth was so deep that the largest trees grew in it, as well as plants and flowers. It was watered from the river Euphrates, by a pump.

The temple of Belus was, perhaps, one of the greatest works of Babylon. According to some writers, this temple, at the foundation, was half a mile in compass, and of an almost incredible height. The ascent was by a spiral stair, which so wound round as to give it the appearance of several towers, one set upon the other.

But what is prophesied in the Scriptures concerning this great and mighty city? "The broad walls of Babylon shall be utterly broken." These were so broad that, according to ancient historians, six chariots could drive abreast. Where are they now? So utterly demolished, none know whether the numerous heaps of rubbish, on the site of the city, are a portion of the walls or not. None can tell where they formerly stood, though diligent search has been made. From being the "glory of kingdoms," it is now the habitation of owls and loathsome reptiles. The Scriptures faithfully prophesy the decline of Babylon, until it becomes what it now is, "an utter desolation."

M. E. F.

